a stormy history. aken by the Arab nalled it Jebel-aland built a fortory. Part of these in 1309 it was na, only to be res in 1333. It was 62. Following the Gibraltar in 1548 tensive military re by order of

onotory was caporce under Sir Prince of Hesseor the Archduke he moment it fell British Admiral with the Ausete possession of

since that time though it was for nearly three ths, beginning in son was on the se of the starva-

iges Grow.

of Sfax, Tunisia, f the clear Media biological laby of sponges. It que in the world ty for observing sponge from . that it can only

nicroscope, until developed into

HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

expect! I knew," he says, with cold, slow emphasis, "that you would by from him as from some wild beast. Le you think that I do not know you -that I am not as sure as that I am standing here, that your pure nature cculd not endure contact with his r.'ter you had learnt his true charac-

She shrinks and hides her face as hudder sweeps over her, but with an effort she regains her self-posseseion. After all, it is but the malic ois figment of a disordered brain, . at the worst a wild story built upon some slight foundation. What she has to co is to be patient with him and to get

rid of him-to get rid of him at once. "Sir Frederic," she says, slowly, as if every word cost her an effort, "you expect some response, some answer to this this story of yours. Let me be plain with you. I-before Heaven I do not wish to wound you-but I can only say one word: I do not believe

He opens his lips, but she goes on with a gesture of infinite dignity dignity and patience:

"I do not say that you have lied willfully or wittingly -- I say that you have been deceived. Some idle talethis is a land of fiction-has misled you into this grave error. Let us say no more. I-if I have been hasty, and have said in my surprise anything to you remember me"-he speaks slowly, wound you - I beg you to forget it. If you will also for to her Italian ears-"you remember get that such a person as my coming here a little myself exists it will be better for both the story you told me?" of us-all of us. And now-you must go. please.

He stands motionless, and with a stern(, determined look on his white the way peculiar to foreigners, and

"It is what I expected," he says, in a low, set voice. "It is almost word for word what I told myself you would her head and lifts her eyes to Signa's say; it is consistent with your purity, white face with the dull, apathetic your loyalty, your stanchness. But do you think that I should be so mad | wishes to hear it. Will you tell it to as to come to you with such a denunciation without bringing my

She falters, and the dread begins to seize her again, but she struggles eyes, and her lips twitch.

You say that I have been deceived, misled! Good. If it be so, you will have no objection to becoming ac- come back to me! I have been so quainted with the process by which I was deceived." "No-no! I do not care-I do not

so little value in your eyes that you reach of the dark eyes, and signs to will not investigate the story?" he Sir Frederick with a swift, frenzied says, with calm intensity.

she springs to her feet. "You have stung me at last!" she says, almost wildly. "Bring me your this story! Come."

He inclines his head. All throughout | mcment; then she begins. the interview he has spoken and moved like a man wound up to maintain his self-command; he moves It is a story of a man's treachery, of a now to the door with the stiff gait of an automaton.

"Stay-where?" she falters. is a living witness."

in this house! There are peopleyou come with me, then? It is but a few steps: or are you afraid?" hoarsely, and with a spasm of humilia-

For a moment she pauses, then she enatches up her hat.

"I am not afraid." the says, coldly. "I will go with you. Where is it?" He points to the old fountain, and standing aside, allows her to pass.

With swift, firm steps, Signa reaches the fountain, and stands with a motion of his hand signs to her to no denial. wait, and goes into the wood. A moment afterward he returns with the

watching, by his side. Never while life lasts will Signa forget this moment; the white, haggard face of the man, the wild, dark, mournful eyes of the girl. Instincticely she draws back a pace, and at the mechanically, and sits looking from one to the other.

Signa waits in silence for a moment, then she asks, in a hushed voice, that sounds like a distant echo of her

"Who is this?" "Listen. She herself shall tell." he says. He bends down and lays his hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Lucia," he says. She looks up as if awaking from a reverle, and waits. "Lucia. as if to make his English intelligible my coming here a little while ago, and

"Ail, yes," she says, slowly, her accent blurring the English words in which Signa never nears bereafter without a pang of misery.

She nods wearily.

"This lady," he says-the girl turns stare of a dumb animal-"this lady her just as you told it to me? Who knows-perhaps she may help you to. find the one you are seeking." A gentle light comes into the girl's

"Yes. Ah, signora! you are of his country, you are English-surely you must know him! If he would but patient! He said that I was to be good and patient, and have I not been

so? Ah, signora, I am so wretched!' With a shudder and a thrill of com-"Your husband's good name is of ing evil, Signa draws back out of the wave of the hand that he is to make her speak quickly.

"Yes, yes, Lucia!" he says. "But The girl sighs and is silent for a

It is a long, rambling, sometimes incoherent story, but it is all to clear. man's crime; sometimes it is broken with sobs, and the tears roll down the girl's cheeks and fall upon her heav-"I am going to produce my proof. It ing bosom; when she comes to that awful encounter between the bride-'No. no!" she says: "not here—not | groom and the betrayer her face grows white, her hands unclasp suddenly, "Who will hear." he says. "Will and fling themselves before her eyes. "He—he shot him!" she says, in a wild, tremulous whisper. "Ah, yes! he was brave, was the signor! He

shot him!"

pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove

fountain; Sir Frederic's presence is forgotten; everything in her life goes by her as if in a dream; all that she realizes is the girl's voice telling its awful story. She does not doubt it; she cannot, strive to do so though she one hand resting upon it, her face set may. There is truth in the accents of That is well. Go now" and cold. He follows her slowly, with the wild voice-truth that will take

"Go on," says Sir Frederic, hoarseyoung girl, whom Signa had been to avoid the agonized face opposite

The girl stares at him, then her head droops, and she sighs wearily. "There is no more," she says hopelessly. "The signor went-he left me -telling me to be patient and good, movement Sir Frederick lays his and I-I have been so patient. I have hand upon the girl's arm. and motions | waited-ah, yes, I have waited-but it her to seat herself on a stone at the is so long, so long! Why does he not foot of the fountain. She drops come back? Has he forgotten me?

your people so?" Silence: her head droops lower, as if she had not expected an answer; then Sir Frederic raises his head and looks at Signa; her lips have moved, but though she has said no word, he understands her.

"Lucia," he says, bending down, "you have not told us his name, this English signor. Do you not know it Try and remember.

She looks up. "Do you think I forget?" she says, with dull wonder and scorn. "He was an English lord. He was Milord Dela-

Signa closed her eyes, and holds on to the fountain with both hands. Sir! Frederic makes a slight movement toward her, but it is sufficient to recall her to consciousness and self-command.

Faintly she motions him back, and with a bitter smile he stops. Then he touches the girl on the shoulder. "Lucia, did this Lord Delamere give you no nome-no place where you could write to him? Do you understand

"Yes, yes," she answers, heavily. 'And I did write—ah, yes, so many

times! "And he, did he never reply-never send a letter back for all yours?" A quick light comes into her eyes,

and her hand goes to her bosom. Sir Frederic glances at Signa, whose eyes are fixed upon the girl with the expression of one who sees some awful apparition.

"Lucia, will you show me the letter? You would not let me see it when I asked you before. Will you show it to the lady?"

The girl turns her eyes to Signa questioningly, then slowly she takes the folded paper from her dress, and reluctantly as one parts even for a moment with a treasured relic, she hands it to him. He takes a glance at it and extends

it to Signa. "It is in Italian," he says, in a low, cold voice. "I do no understand it. If it be forgery it is not forged by me." Signa scarcely hears or comprehends. With a shudder she takes the letter and unfolds it For a moment her eyes refuse to do their task, a film seems to cover them, the paper is just a square, misty spot of white. Then with an effort she looks at it.

It is only a few lines in Italian: "Dear Lucia,-I have received your letters, and they have given me much There is an awful silence; benumb- pain. Be patient and all will be well. ed, frozen. Signa leans against the You must try and forget all that has

appened. Do not write to be again Lucia, as writing will but help you to

"Always your friend,

"Delamere." This is it; and in the midst of her anguish, as she recognizes Hector's handwriting, she is conscious of a feeling of horror at the unnatural cold-

With a shudder she lets it drop from her fingers, as a man might do the empty vial from which he had drunk the fatal draught.

Sir Frederick picks it up and gives it back to the girl, who receives it eagerly, but a moment afterward stares at it vacantly, and then slowly returns to its hiding place. He stands looking at her for a mo-

ment, then he says: "Lucia, you may go now. You know your way? You remember what I told you—that I will be your friend?

The girl rises and looks absently then seeing Signa she makes a rapid movement toward her, and taking her ly, his eyes fixed on the ground as if hand it about to lift it to her lips With a faint cry of horror, Signa snatches it away and flings it above her head, shrinking back against the fountain.

The girl's eves flash and she stares vacantly at her, but Sir Frederic has her arm in his grasp and muttering:

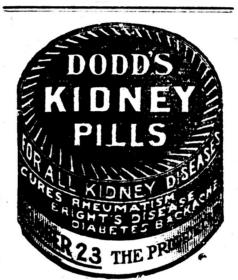
"Come with me," leads her away. When he returns alone, Signa is still leaning against the cold stone as if she had become part and parcel of it. Her You-you are English; tell me, are all eyes are fixed on the steel-blue sky, her lips tightly shut, her breathing scarcely perceptible.

He waits a moment, with white face and heavy eyes, then he speaks her name.

"Signa!" a slight movement of her eyes shows that she hears him. "Signa. I have brought my proofs. Do you still think me a liar? Have I been deceived; are you? This girl you will say is half insane. It is true; her wrongs have made her so. So much the darker is this man's sin. Was right here when I said you would fly from him as from a monster? Speak to me! I-have borne so much; my misery has been as great as yours, for the sight of your agony has doubled mine. Speak to me! There is no time to lose! He may return at any moment."

She starts and presses her hands to her brow, then lets them fall, and moves slowly away toward the inn like one in a dream. He walks beside her, his eyes fixed on the ground. "What will you do?" he says, hoarsely; "there is but one thing you

can do-vou must leave him." She does not speak, but her eyes turn to his face with a look awfully like those of the miserable Lucia's. "Listen to me." he says, speaking slowly and as clearly as he can You must leave this accursed place



at once. My carriage is here; you must take it-She flashes upon him a look

scorn and leathing. "With you!" she says, in a dry, hard voice. Only those two words, but they make him writhe and bite his lips till the blood comes.

"No," he says. "No. You shall go -elone. I will arrange everything. My man is trustworthy. reach the station at Aletto beforebefore he can overtake you. Go-go to England to-to Lady Rookwell-" He stops, for it is evident that she does not follow him. In silence they reach the inn. He walts in the pastage for a moment, sees her drag herself up the stairs to her own room. then with bowed head goes to the stables and mechanically helps the men to put the horses to.

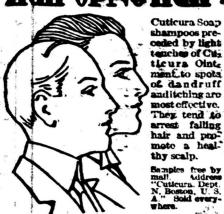
Signa goes upstairs, and like one moving in her sleep, takes off her dress. Then she sinks on her knees beside her traveling trunk, and with heavy, faltering hands turns out the him. contents until she comes to a plain, black dress; it is the one she wore that day—the happiest in her lifewhen she sailed for St. Clare. Mechancally she puts this on; then she stands for a moment as if trying to grasp some idea, some motive. As she does her hand wanders to her pocket, and, still like one in sleep, she takes out the centents-poor trifles that recall the day, the very hour, a thimble, a knife Archie had consigned to her charge and forgotten, a piece of-"Ah!" with a sudden cry as of something had struck her to the heart, she stares at a fragment of biscuit wrapped in a fragment of an old letter.

Back it all comes to her. She sees him kneeling over the fire, his handsome face turned to hers as he bids her keep the biscuit in case she should need it! With trembling fingers she unwraps the letter and glances at it: as she does so, the cry goes up again, but this time with an undertone of horror. The letter is in Italian, in a woman's handwriting; it is one of the girl Lucia's!

With a wild, despairing gesture she flings it from her and drops on her knees. It is all true, beyond the shadow of 2 doubt. All true, and sheshe is the most wretched of all crea-

For half an hour, perhaps, kneels, fighting with her agony; then she rises, white as death itself, but calm, too calm, wraps her traveling clock around her and with steady, leaden feet goes downstairs.

Sir Frederic stands at the bottom, his arms folded, his head bent. He looks up, he does not speak, and with the faintest motion of the hand guides her to the door.



Before they reach it the landlord

"Miladi," he says, "milord here tells Signa's lips move. Sir Frederic and the landlord wait.

"It is quite true," she says at last. and the voice is like that of an automaton.

"And milord, what shall I tell him when he returns? How explain this are overgrown with weeds and scragsurprise?" demands the landlord. Sir Frederic answers. "I shall remain and explain,"

savs, coldly. The landlord bows and looks somewhat relieved from the dread of having to face Milord Delamere alone. 'Very good, milord," he says. have but to express my sorrow at the than 25,000 men, met the richly decked

bad tidings, and to trust that miladi Persian army of 50,000 on a plain will make a safe courney. But it is bad! Haste there, Baptiste; haste!" And he begins to harry up the men. Sir Frederic holds the door of the carriage open, and Signa, with heavy faltering step, enters. As he closes looks at her and murmurs it, he

"Be brave, Signa! Oh, Heaven!" He stops, for she does not hear him. With an inarticulate groan, he huts the door and goes to the coach-

"You know what to do." he says, sternly, "Drive for your life. You must catch that train.' The man touches his hat, and an

left gazing after them. CHAPTER XXXI.

won all along the line, but his victory does not seem to bring him much satisfaction, and certainly no happiness. He has convinced Signa at very great trouble and at the most of much satthat time the heart of Ispahan had trouble and at the most of much an been so bruised that it was never guish to himself and her, that he was healed.—Buffalo Express. right that night on the tower in warning her against Hector Warren. He has proved to her that she has given her pure heart's love to a cold, heartless wretch, scarcely worthy the name face, that he had found so beautiful agony, haunts him like a spectre.

drawing his cloak round him, for the would use no other medicine for my afternoon draws in and the evening little ones." The Tablets are sold chilliness makes itself felt. "I only by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 did my duty. I could not let him go cents a box from The Dr. Williams on living with her, the wretch who Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. is unfit to touch the hem of her dress! The world may say it was my spite. my vanity, my jealous nature, but it was duty that nerved me. And yetgreat heaven! how she must have loved him!" and he strides up and down outside the inn, his face working, his lips pale and dry with the inward fever that consumes him.

The landlord, watching him from the little latticed window, comes out, with a grave, deferential air, and asks him, with the deepest respect, if he will not enter and eat of something, but Sir Frederic shakes his head. He has eatthat a single morsel would choke particularly in the latter, one finds

The landlord shakes his head. "At least," he says, in his excellent German-English, "milord" — every the woman to wear them. Consequent the remote parts of the continent-'will take some wine?"

on the table of the sitting room, and announces the fact to his guest. (To be continued.)

Baggery.

Lacquered wooden handbags.
Wristbags made of millinery posies.
Striped silk, rose-embroidered in wool.
Colored pipings on tiny black patent

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GENTLEMEN'S TOUPERS at \$25.00 and \$35.00, that defy detec-

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM

62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT. (Formerly Meme. I. Mints).

GREAT CITY'S WANE.

Ispahan, Once the Proud Capital of Persian Empire.

A report from Constantinople to the

effect that the dersian city of Ispahan had been seed from This an rule by an uprising of tribesmen who had waged "holy war" against the foreigners, failed to attract more than casual comment in the news despatches-from the way front of kurope and Asia. Yet had this city retained in the twentieth century the power and magnificence which were hers in the veventeenth, no news in the world not even that affecting Berlin, London or Paris, would have been of greater interest, for in-that-era Ispaham, the capital of its country, had a population variously estimated between a miltion and 600,000, while its palaces, gardens and wonderful bazaars were without viral in any clime.

verbial "shell" or "shadow" of its former areatness and the prestige that was marked life trailed of Persia has been transferred to Teheran, 210 miles to the north. Although the population still numbers between 80,000 and 100,006 and the traveler might be de-ceived by the spectacle of its crowded covered bazaar which runs for three miles through the centre of the place. dividing it into a north and south side, vet all beyond this thoroughfare of harter is desolate and in ruins. Palme that he brings you bad it news aces, once the price of same are crump-band's return! Is that sor illias a delight of harehi divorities, are crump-ling into decay, or the 210 mosques strange so, by Heaven, ves! The scattered ever the 20 square miles scattered ever the 20 square only a few have which the city covers only a few have retained an appreciable part of their original richness and impressive grandeur; the 150 public baths have fallen into disuse; the wonderful gardens and avenues of luxuriant trees, caressed by cascades of purest water,

With the invasion of the barbarous 16 ghans under their youthful leader Mahmud, just a hundred years after the brilliant reign of Abbas the Great. the glory of ispahan-fased raudly. This ruthless soldier, at the head of a "I desert-scorched, ragged army of less about nine miles from the walls of the capital. The defeat of the defenders was overwhelming, 15,000 Persians being left dead on the field. Shah Hosain succeeded in staving off the evil day for six months, but in September, 1722, he went himself to the camp of the invader, and with his own hand fixed the royal plume of feathers in the turban of Mahmud. Hosain had the year before appealed to Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, for aid in driving back the Afghans, and the Russians, in answer to this invitation, had embarked a force upon the Vol-This army reached the Caspian ga. in July, 1722-the first time in history that the flag of the Muscovites had instant afterward the horses dash floated over the great inland sea-but down the street, and Sir Frederic is succor never reached the hapless Ho-

Mahmud's sway of less than three Sir Frederic has conquered, he has vears—happily for the world, he died that time the heart of Ispahan had

SATISFIED MOTHERS

No other medicine gives as great of man: he has convinced her that it satisfaction to mothers as does would be better to die rather than to Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets live with my Lord of Delamere, and are equally good for the newborn yet Sir Frederick is far from happy, to babe or the growing child. They are put it in the broadest sense, he is absolutely free from injurious drugs wretched and miserable. The white and cannot possibly do harm-always good. Concerning them Mrs. Jos. and left so worn and haggard with Morneau, St. Pamphile, Que., writes: "I have used Baby's own Tablets and "I only did my duty, he mutters, am well satisfied with them, and

NEW SLEEVES.

All the Way From Wrist Length to Shoulder Straps.

Not that there is any change in sleeve widths-the changes are more subtle, though none the less radical.

Lengths, however, are experiencing the change that usually comes with the rising of the thermometer, and in the late spring and summer dresses, of frock to which they are attached and adapted to the age and plumpness or slenderness (to put both kindly) of ly, they range and dwindle from demure lengths that modestly cover the wrist to mere armholes and shoulder the landlord places a blash of red wine straps. Some of the sleeves in summer frocks are three inches above the elboys. Yet others, in both summer and spring frocks, are long, transparent and bishop in line. Lanvin favors a comfortable and conservative

seven eighths length. Bernard sanctions a plain, halflength bell sleeve, using it for all his blouses and sports cresses. Bernard's full-length sleeve is given a novel aspect by means of a deep cuff in contrasting color. Many of Lanvin's seven-eighths tailored sleeves have a full lingerie undersleeve puffed at the

Evening gowns are in nearly all cases sleeveless. Beer, however, compromises with a mere cap of lar Both dresses and sports blouses are

fitted with sleeves in full length or half length. The kimono line seems to have come to stay, and it is probable that fir many seasons to come we shall have a choice between inset sleeves and

that Oriental line. Bulloz has an odd sleeve suggesting the Empire. It has a bag over cuff made to harmonize with a Zouave skirt. Lanvin shows a transparent barrel sleeve reaching to the whist, but so cut as to show the bare arm half way to the elbow.

Muggins Do you think the Germ ans are really looking for peace? Buggins—If they are, it's through a



7

Wisely obstinate is the farmer's wife who insists on quality—

and who buys only the best sugar—because

ST. LAWRENCE RED DIAMOND GRANULATED -admittedly without any superior-will never cause preserves to fermentas it does not contains the organic impurities which start fermentation.

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thoroughly. These precautions

prevent the usual

causes of failure.

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Your dealer can supply Red Diamond in Coarse Grain, or Medium, or Fine, as

you may prefer.

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